







**M I L L E T**

## Bell's Miniature Series of Painters.

Edited by G. C. WILLIAMSON, Litt.D.

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*Durant Ruel photo*

**CALLING THE CATTLE HOME**

(Paysan Rappelant ses Vaches )

Bell's Miniature Series of Painters

# JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

BY

EDGCUMBE STALEY, B.A.



LONDON  
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## CHRONOLOGY OF J. F. MILLET

- 1814. October 14. Born at Gruchy-Gréville.
- 1832. Pupil at Cherbourg, first to M. Dumouchel, and next to M. Langlois.
- 1837. Went to Paris, and entered the studio of M. Delaroche.
- 1840. First Picture hung at the Salon.
- 1845. Married Catherine Lemaire (second wife).
- 1849. Went to live at Barbizon.
- 1857. Masterpiece,—*L'Angélus du Soir*.
- 1875. January 20. Died at Barbizon.

## LIFE OF MILLET

BIRTH AND EARLY LIFE—1814-1837

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET was born at Gruchy, in Normandy, on October 14, 1814. His father was Jean Louis Nicolas Millet, and his mother's maiden name was Aimée Henriette Adélaïde Henry, of the good old yeoman family of Henry du Perron. They were simple, homely, busy peasants, living in a humble farmhouse, and farming their few hectares of land. They had nine children, of whom François was the second. M. Millet was an accomplished musician, a skilful modeller in clay, and a clever carver in wood—a man of pure life. Mme. Millet was a devoted mother, but, by the strange custom of the country, she lived, M. Sensier says, “*dans le travail*”—the slave of the family.

Quite the most important member of the household was M. Millet's mother, Louise Tumelin. She was a typical peasant and a devout Catholic. *La Mère Millet*, as was usual, was the foster-mother of her grandchildren, and exercised great influence over them.

Another inmate of the Gruchy homestead

was M. Millet's uncle, le Père Charles Tumelin. He was an ideal country parson, whose motto was *Laborare est orare*. He devoted himself to the education of his little nephews and nieces, and especially to François. He died in 1821.

La Mère Millet entrusted her grandson to the care of l'Abbé Hierpent, and, upon his return from Héanville, to l'Abbé Lebrisseux.

Amid such spiritual and domestic environments were François's early years passed. The physical conditions of life on the wild Manche coast added bodily vigour to earnestness of character. On one side was the tempestuous sea, full of profound sensations; on the other, the vast open country, with its toilers ever digging their living out of the land.

When scarcely adolescent François's back was bent, and his brow was bathed in perspiration, as his firm young hand pushed the plough.

On his twelfth birthday la Mère Millet took him to the Chapel to say his Catechism, and to prepare for his First Communion. The Abbé tried to inspire the boy with a desire for the priesthood. "No," he replied, "I want to remain with my dear parents." The simple peasant lad had no ambition beyond the horizon of his home. From twelve to eighteen he remained, therefore, his father's labourer, working conscientiously day in, day out.

Very early the boy had given evidence of artistic instincts; in his playtime, pencil and chalk were rarely out of his hand.

One day, returning from Mass, he met an old peasant stooping under his heavy burden. Something reminded him of a picture in the Family Bible of Jacob the patriarch. On reaching home he quickly struck off a sketch of the old man. M. Millet chanced to catch his son at his task, and he was astonished at the correctness of the drawing. Some days after he asked him whether he ever thought of being an artist. François made an evasive reply, but he has placed on record his real feeling.

"My fingers," he wrote, "began to itch for my chalk, and I seemed to see wherever I went, figures and scenes, which I felt I could very easily transfer to paper."

The young fellow's most considerable efforts were *Deux Bergers*,—two youths in loose jackets and sabots, playing a flute and singing at the foot of a tree in M. Millet's orchard,—and *Une Nuit Étoilée*,—a peasant carrying food to a mendicant lying outside his father's barn. These were in black chalk.

M. Millet was determined to see what could be made of his son as a painter. Accordingly, one morning, early in the year 1832, father and son walked into Cherbourg,—the lad carrying a bundle of sketches under his arm.

At Cherbourg lived an artist, M. Dumouchel, who knew Gruchy and the Millets. Directly he saw the sketches he exclaimed, "What! You ought to be punished for having concealed them such a long time!" The painter con-

sented to take François as a pupil, and he set him to work to copy pictures in the *Musée*.

This was a revelation to the young student, who had never seen a picture-gallery before. He was not very happy, however, and disliked his master, and left him.

M. Langlois de Chevreville also lived and worked at Cherbourg. Upon l'Abbé Lebris-senx's introduction he admitted young Millet to his studio. François's art-education now became systematic. People were struck with his diligence and skill, and many inquiries were made about "Le Jeune Hercules"—as he was called. His master was working in the church of La Trinité, and he took his pupil with him to paint hands and drapery in his pictures.

Among early Cherbourg friends was M. Feuardent, a member of the staff at the Municipal Library. Through him François was greatly helped in his reading, which extended, as he says, "from Homer to Béranger."

The year 1835 was a very sad one for the Millet family. François's good father died, leaving the affairs of the home in some confusion. François at once left Cherbourg, and assumed the headship of the family. His management, however, ended in failure. La Mère Millet and his mother saw how entirely unfit he had become for the life of a farmer, and they said, "We can do very well without you, François. Your brothers are growing up.

Go back to Cherbourg and stick to your profession like a man. And never forget,"—they added,—"that you are a Christian."

During his absence at Gruchy, M. Langlois had applied to the Municipality, and had obtained a benefaction of 400 francs, to enable the young student to go to Paris. To this was added a further grant by the Grand Conseil du Département de la Manche of 600 francs, and M. Langlois gave a personal offering of a like amount.

#### STUDENT LIFE IN PARIS—1837-1849

Jean François Millet arrived in Paris late in January, 1837. His first impressions were sad and depressing—the city looked dismal and shabby. He put up at a humble *auberge*, known to his father, but the proprietress turned out to be dishonest and disreputable, and she fed him badly.

"What," he writes, "were some nuts and a bit of Brie cheese, with a quarter-bottle of *ordinaire* to wash them down, for a big hungry young fellow's breakfast!"

His name had been entered at the École des Beaux Arts, and accordingly, on March 27, he began his studies there. He went about his work, however, in a very unsatisfactory way. His letters of introduction remained in his pocket; and he was far too faint-hearted, and much too high-minded, to ask anyone's help.

He was disposed to meet the great world in a spirit which precluded success.

Poor François tossed about from place to place.

"There were moments," he writes, "when I longed to leave Paris, and return to my own village. I was weary of my solitary life. I saw nobody. I never spoke to a living soul. I was afraid people would make a mock of me!"

Disappointment, loneliness, insufficient food, and uncleanly quarters, at last made him quite ill. A kind old couple, who had lost their only son in early manhood, took pity on the poor lad, and nursed him back to life again. This noble action greatly affected François, and he braced himself to meet his life's work in a more manly spirit.

From his little attic in the Quai Malaquais he began in earnest, bending his steps day after day to the Louvre and to the Luxembourg.

"My sensations," he writes, "upon finding myself in the Louvre, I can never describe. I was overcome with emotion, and I sat down and wept. The pictures were food and drink to me!"

The leading professors of painting at the time were Drolling, Léon Cogniet, Abel de Pujol, Ingres, and Paul Delaroche; but only the last appealed to the young student.

"His pictures," he writes, "seemed to be painted with simple, earnest feeling, and were less marked by the conventionalities of the period than the works of the others."

To Delaroche, accordingly, he went, and asked whether he might work in his studio. After some demur the Master acceded to Millet's request.

With Delaroche were Couture, Hébert, Gendron, Édouard Frère, Yvon, Féyers, Perrin, Auguste Leboves, Diaz, T. Rousseau, and Louis Roux. They formed a jolly crew, and went into roars of laughter at Millet's personal appearance. They joked him about his long hair and beard, about his clothes, about the way he walked, and about everything.

"Are you coming here," they cried out, "to make some more of your famous pictures, you, *l'homme des bois?*"

Millet's reply was prompt, if not very courteous. "I didn't come here," he said, "to amuse you, anyway. It isn't I who occupy myself in making figures in flour and butter!"

But the most effectual stopper to the banter of his fellow-students was the exhibition of a big clenched fist!

Millet's first drawing at Delaroche's was a copy of a *Head of Germanicus*, an antique bust. When the Master came in to inspect the work of his pupils, he paused long before Millet's, and, after a minute examination, he said, "Well, you're new to this kind of work, I see, you know a good deal but not all—go on!"

All the time that he was at Delaroche's he was studying with profound enthusiasm the masterpieces in the Public Galleries. Referring to the works of the Great Masters he says,

"I never tried to make copies; none would have had their spontaneity and warmth."

He spent much time also in the Bibliothèque de Sainte Genéviève, where he greedily read works upon Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Albrecht Dürer and Nicolas Poussin.

In 1830 Millet's "composition de concours"—*Prométhée sur sa Roche*—gained the high praise of Delaroche, and of his fellow-pupils. Millet, however, began to note that his Master yielded somewhat to the conventions of Society, and painted to please rather than to instruct. He cast about for another teacher, and his eye fixed itself upon the canvases of Ribéra, whose luminous figures detach themselves from dark backgrounds. Here was undoubtedly the groundwork for Millet's *Art Rustique*.

When he spoke to Delaroche about going away, he was angry and reasoned with him, but to no purpose. "I prefer," Millet said, "poverty and freedom to the gymnastics of the Academy traditions!"

"Very well," he replied, "go your own way. You are too unsophisticated for me; I have nothing more to say to you!"

Millet ceased to attend the classes at the Beaux Arts, but went to work at the studios of M. Suisse and M. Boudin, who were dealers in classical models, and who allowed struggling artists to work for a trifling consideration.

Times were very hard, and Millet had to be content to paint small rough portraits for a franc apiece. Here, however, he found a true friend

—Louis Alexandre Maroulles. The two young men took a room in the Rue de l'Est, and struggled on together. They used to speak of their “Five-minute breakfasts—a little bread and a glass of water!”

No one would buy Millet's figures or his landscapes; so, by Maroulles's advice, he did some pastels in imitation of Watteau and Boucher. These found a ready market at twenty francs each. Next he tried religious subjects, but these were failures. His misfortunes nearly drove the poor young fellow mad, and indeed he seriously thought of destroying himself.

Delaroche heard of Millet's despair, and sent for him to resume his old place in his studio, promising to pay his subscription. He said to him, “I admire your work, and I wish to encourage you.”

A load was lifted off the poor fellow's mind, and he set to work with a will, sending in his name for the Prix de Rome.

In 1839 and 1840 Millet paid short visits to Normandy, and painted several portraits at Gruchy and Cherbourg, and an easel-picture—*La Charité*.

The Salon of 1840 was the first which contained a picture by Jean François Millet. It was a portrait of “M. L. F.” (Marie Louise Feuardent). The critics were up in arms against the holy horror of novelty. Such a contribution had never been accepted before.

Perfectly unconcerned, Millet went on draw-

ing and painting, in his own dogged way, against all the received canons of the Academy. He seemed to have, as one of the critics said, "un peu de boue de son village à la semelle de ses souliers!"

The year 1841 was a memorable one in the life of Millet. Much of it he spent in Normandy. Town life had become more and more distasteful to him.

"I breathed once more," he writes, "in view of mighty Nature--the vast ocean and the wide horizon. My eyes were full of tears of joy, as though I had found a fondly-loved sweetheart!" The last words show that into his taciturn nature had crept a trace of the tender passion!

Two pictures occupied his time,—*Le Portrait de M. Javain*, the late Mayor, for the Municipality of Cherbourg,—and *Sainte Barbe enlevée en Ciel*, for Dr. Asselin, an old friend of the Millet family. The former was a failure, but for the latter the Doctor paid down 300 francs.

This was a godsend, and he was able to realize the dream of the year—matrimony! Mdlle. Pauline Ono had sat for him many times. Her delicacy appealed to him, and after the ups-and-downs of an ardent courtship, he married her in November of that year.

The honeymoon was spent at Gruchy, and then Millet took his young wife back with him to Paris.

The rejection of his pictures at the Salon of 1842 put him upon his mettle. A season of

unwonted brilliancy followed. A vivifying air seemed to penetrate his canvas. Still, he was unable to sell his pictures, and the young couple suffered much hardship.

A turn in their luck was experienced in 1843, for a painting,—*La Laitière*, and a pastel,—*La Léçon d'Equitation* (two children playing at horses),—were both accepted. The critics, voiced by Thoré, praised them warmly, “The pastel is charming, very human, full of freshness. The picture is a very pretty little sketch à la Boucher.”

Privation, sickness, and want of care affected the health of his wife, and, before the end of the year, Millet had the great sorrow to lose her. Their short experience of married life had not been very happy.

Once more the lonely Millet sought the solace of the countryside, and, with his art to console him, he did many portraits and nudes, among them the beautiful *Printemps*, and *Daphnis et Chloë*, and the striking *L'Offrande à Pan*. In them he exhibited a precise knowledge of the human form.

At Cherbourg lived Catherine Lemaire. To a vigorous body, she united the charm of a buoyant spirit, and a contented mind. She “sat” to Millet; and, after a decent mourning for the departed, he married her in November, 1845. She was in every way a helpmeet for him.

Some friends of hers at Havre arranged an exhibition of Millet's drawings, pastels, and

oil-paintings. The result was not very satisfactory; but the balance of 900 francs enabled him to take his new wife back with him to Paris, where they rented two rooms at 42, Rue de la Rouchefoucault.

In the same street lived Diaz, Tourneux, and C. Jacque. Close at hand were Troyon, Campredon, and Lacoste,—quite a colony of artists. The Millets, therefore, were not without society, and the painter himself threw off a good deal of his shyness and reserve.

With surprising rapidity he turned out a number of delightful compositions,—chiefly of nude women and children,—remarkable for their richness of tone, and full of hidden meaning. Looking at this suite, one wonders why he did not pursue the cult of the nude. Perhaps the following story may offer an explanation.

One day, passing Deforges's window,—where *Les Baigneuses* was exposed,—Millet overheard two youths talking about it, and, as he approached, one said to the other, "Why, see, that's Millet, who only paints naked women!"

He recoiled. Perhaps the recollection of one of his grandmother's exhortations flashed through his mind,—"François, remember you are a Christian, and never paint an indecent picture."

The year 1846 was marked by the birth of the artist's first-born,—a son,—to whom he gave his own name, François.

In 1847, among other pictures, he finished

*Œdipe détaché de l'Arbre.* At the Salon it created something of a sensation. Nothing so much like sculpture had ever been attempted in painting. It resembled, said the critics, "the *farouches esquisses* of Tintoretto and Rubens."

Millet felt the rebound of public opinion, and quickly painted *Le Vanneur*, which again sent the critics, and his brother artists, into ecstasies of delight. It was a most significant composition,—the vanguard of his peasant pictures. It was hung in the Salon Carré.

Close confinement and hard work now began to tell upon the robust frame of the painter. He became very ill and his life was despaired of.

Never had man a better nurse than Millet's devoted wife. She nursed him back to life and work. Ill-health was not his only worry. His family was growing, and there was need of more roomy quarters.

Maroulles represented Millet's case to the Director of the Beaux Arts, and, very shortly, a grant of 100 francs was made to him. M. Ledru-Rollin, the next Director, purchased *Le Vanneur* for 500 francs. Other commissions also reached him through his friend Jacque.

But now, when things began to look rather brighter, political affairs in France assumed a menacing aspect. The Revolution of 1848, with the events which led up to the abdication of Louis Philippe, was a time of struggle and want for all artists. Millet turned his attention to the graver and the etching-needle, but the result was disappointing. "Doors were

slammed," he says, "in my face. No one would look at my plates."

During the year Millet, in common with all his friends, was called upon to shoulder his musket, and to stand guard at the barricades. The year ended sadly. Cholera was rampant in Paris, people were dying right and left, and there was no security for life or property. Everybody, who could leave, hurried off into the country in search of health and safety.

#### LIFE AT BARBIZON, AND DEATH—1849-1875

"Let us go," said Jacque to Millet one day early in 1849, "to the outskirts of Fontainebleau. There's a charming little hamlet on the fringe of the forest, the name ends in 'zon.' Diaz has spoken much to me about it. He's there now. Surely we shall find a shelter also."

"Willingly," replied Millet.

It was a lovely summer's day when the two families started in the *diligence* for Fontainebleau. They put up at a modest inn, and next day Jacque and Millet set off upon an exploring expedition.

Near Chailly they encountered their first *bûcheron*, or wood-cutter, an individual afterwards immortalized by Millet. In reply to their inquiry, the old man said, "Yes, you mean Barbizon. It's away over there," chucking his thumb over his shoulder as he spoke.

After a weary trudge, the friends spied some low farm-buildings, and a few trees, in the midst of a great stony plain.

Barbizon was a poor, uninteresting place in those days ; and there was nothing for it, but to make arrangements with *le père* Ganne, who kept a sort of caravansary for poor artists. Among such were Hugues Martin, Belly, Louis Lefroy, Clerget, Barye, Boulanger, Decamps, Ziem, Diaz, and last, but not least, Théodore Rousseau. They had studios in the cottages, but messed at Ganne's.

Millet, who very shortly moved into Jean Gatelier's cottage with his family, was full of new impressions, and almost optimistic in his view of things in general.

"If you could only see," he wrote to his mother, "how beautiful the forest is! It is so calm, but with such terrible grandeur, that I feel myself already a part of it."

On the approach of winter most of the artist-community went back to Paris, but Millet decided to settle down at Barbizon.

"Why should I," he said, "return to dirty, noisy Paris? This vast plain recalls the horizon of my own country. In Paris I only see *les faubouriennes*. Here are peasants,—Nature's children."

In appearance Millet, at the time, was tall, with big square shoulders, and deep-chested. His face was long, with large features and blue eyes. His hair and his beard,—brown streaked with grey,—were long. His voice, low in

pitch, was clear. His dress was of easy-fitting cloth, with a soft felt hat, and wooden sabots stuffed with straw.

At Barbizon he resumed many of the peasant habits of his youth. Every morning found him early at work in his garden. In the afternoon he worked in his studio,—a low, dark shed next the cottage,—or he went about watching the people at work in the fields. Of an evening he loved a romp with his children, or, sitting over his coffee, he occupied himself in passing his fingers over the tablecloth, as if drawing or modelling.

He cared little for pleasure; dominoes were his only pastime. Siron's,—as the little inn at Barbizon was called,—was the rendez-vous of the artists. Beer and billiards had no attraction for Millet, who soon came to be looked upon as an unsociable sort of fellow. Some of the men, indeed, called him "The Bear."

Sometimes he sauntered into Jacque's, who had also remained at Barbizon. He bought a cottage, with a small stockyard attached, where he could draw cattle and sheep, and paint them,—especially by moonlight. Here the friends worked together in, what they called, their "Evening School."

All the while Millet lived a pious and self-denying life. The early lessons of his youth bore a rich harvest. He was his children's teacher and guide in faith and practice. His devoted wife added her quota to the blessedness of a happy home, and through all their



*Mr. A. Quincy Shaw, Boston, U.S.A.*

THE SOWER.  
(Le Semeur.)



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struggles her patience and hope were unfailing.

He was the mildest of men, though his physique was that of an athlete. He used to say, with a smile, "At the studio of M. Delaroche they called me 'The Wild Man'!"

Millet's first work at Barbizon was *Ruth et Boaz*. This he did in charcoal upon the wall of his studio, and it served as his model for *Les Moissonneurs*. In the Salon of 1850 appeared *Le Semeur*,—a splendid companion to *Le Vaneur*,—for many reasons the finest, and most vigorous, of all his pictures.

Despite hard work, Millet experienced increasing difficulty in finding a market for his work, and consequently, his life was one of constant anxiety for his family. The year 1857 added to his troubles a great sorrow, in the death of his grandmother. She had maintained her influence, through all his ups-and-downs, by means of a constant and voluminous correspondence.

Application was made to the Council of the Beaux Arts for a grant, in view of the painter's poverty, and his numerous family. This was refused, because opposite his name, there stood a "cross"! Millet had been denounced for his unacademic pictures as a fierce demagogue!

One day Delaroche chanced to see a small canvas entitled *Les Couturières*, which M. Romieu, the Director, had permitted to be hung in his private room.

"What have you got here?" he asked.

"It belongs," was the reply, "to a poor fellow named Millet—a queer sort of chap."

"It's wonderful," said Delaroche, "and full of originality. Do you know he was once a pupil of mine?"

This settled the matter of the benefaction, and M. Romieu sent Millet 700 francs.

Poor fellow, indeed! He had run up big accounts with Gobillot, the baker, and Sellier, the butcher, from Chailly, and these and others were pressing for payment.

"I haven't any money, that is all," was the only possible reply; but M. Belony, one of the better-off farmer labourers of Barbizon, paid Millet's debts. Some years after Millet had the satisfaction of repaying his kind friend.

In 1852 several American art-students, attracted by what they had heard and seen of Millet's work at Deforges's, and at Diaz's, in Paris, settled at Barbizon, and begged him to show them his methods. Amongst them were W. H. Hunt, J. Badcock, J. Hearn, Wyatt Eaton, E. Wheelwright, and W. H. Low.

The Salon of 1853 contained four of Millet's pictures, for which he was awarded a Medal of the Second Class. The year was memorable for the greatest sorrow of his life. His dearly loved and pious mother was called to her rest,—rest indeed to her, after her weary life of toil. Her many letters to her son are full of sweetness and nobleness of character. Millet hurried off to Gruchy to soothe her last hours, and she died in his arms. He buried her at

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Gréville, by the church, which he has made famous in his pictures.

In 1854 he returned once more to Normandy with his family. This journey was made possible by the sale of several pictures, mainly through the instrumentality of Théodore Rousseau. At Cherbourg he met his old teachers, l'Abbé Lebrisseux and M. Langlois.

"Do you, François," asked the former, "still love your Bible?"

"Yes," replied Millet, "Paris and Barbizon have changed nothing."

It was during this happy visit to his old home that the attention of Queen Victoria was directed to the Peasant-Painter. She and the Prince Consort were staying privately at Cherbourg; and, during one of their drives, an old Curé, with the assistance of the British Consul, offered a little painting—*Le Château de Bric-quebec*—to the Queen. When making the presentation the old priest said it was done by "a poor man," as he called Millet, "who is travelling on foot sketching." The royal couple were charmed with the picture, and the Prince remarked, "That man is a born artist. This little sketch shows great talent and force." The artist could nowhere be found, and he afterwards expressed great disappointment at having missed such an opportunity, and he said, "I am sure Her Majesty would have honoured my poor little studio with a visit."

At the *Exposition Universelle* of 1855 only one of Millet's pictures was hung,—*Paysan greffant*

*un Arbre*. It was hailed with universal approval. "An American" promptly offered 4,000 francs for it, which Millet at promptly accepted. The offer was made, and the money paid through Rousseau, but the medium and the purchaser were one and the same! A noble act of a brother artist.

Time sped on, and troubles again came to the poor Peasant-Painter. His pictures would not sell, and there were hungry mouths to feed, and growing bodies to clothe. To add to Millet's worries two of his brothers joined him, eagerly desirous of learning and copying his Art. The pinch became so acute that he had to exchange six good drawings for shoes for his children, and an oil-painting for a bed for his brothers!

"The gay side of life," he wrote to his friend, M. Sensier, "never shows itself to me. I do not know where it is. The gayest things I know are the calm and the silence, which are so sweet, both in the forest, and in the cultivated field. I see figures, digging and hoeing, chopping and tying; first one, and then another, raises himself, stretches his bent back and his arms, and wipes off the sweat upon his brow with his hand. This to me is the marvellous poetry of toiling humanity."

All the while he was busy with his picture for the Salon of 1857. This was *Les Glaneuses*, —a masterpiece of the first order. It made a great sensation. It was, perhaps, his greatest effort.

*louise, Patti;*

THE L.I. UNITS,  
(less famous)





Now commenced Millet's most brilliant period. Among other striking pictures were *La Bergère*, *La Mort et le Bûcheron*, and *L'Angélus du Soir*. The latter absorbed most of his time, and it is undoubtedly Millet's masterpiece. It was hung in the Salon of 1859.

About this time an arrangement was made with Mr. A. Stevens, and afterwards with M. Sensier, whereby Millet was to receive 1,000 francs a month in exchange for all his easel pictures. M. Sensier transferred his rights to the Société de Dix, and Millet was thankful at the prospect of a certain, though very small, income.

A year of great productiveness followed, and at the Salon of 1861 Millet exhibited three important works,—*L'Attente*,—an old couple by their cottage door, *La Tondeuse de Moutons*, and *La Femme qui fait manger son Enfant*. The Jury tried to exclude them, but public opinion had veered round in favour of the Barbizon painter. *La Tondeuse* excited the ire of the critics.

Of new works *La Naissance du Veau* and *La Cardeuse* were the most striking. M. Pelloquet said of the latter, "If I had a gallery such as the princely collections in Italy, I would place *La Cardeuse* between Raphael and Andrea del Sarto, and I am sure they wouldn't blush for their companion."

Whoever was the actual model for this, and other pictures of female toil, it is pretty certain that Madame Millet had much to do with their success. "She used to wear," says M. Sensier,

"the roughest of peasant's clothes, about the house and in the garden, for weeks, so that whenever her husband called her, she might be ready to go in at once and 'sit.' " When she complained of the soiled condition of her apparel, Millet only smiled and said, "I don't want to paint the dirt. I merely want the rough linen to simplify its folds, and take the form of the body."

In Barbizon, concealed by ill-fitting and shabby garments, were numbers of well-developed maidens. Hence he had no difficulty about models, although his natural modesty caused him to make his wife ask them to "sit."

A very beautiful woman-study was completed in 1862,—*La Maternité*,—perhaps the sweetest and most attractive of all Millet's pictures. The young mother,—her face full of innocent devotion,—holds her swaddled child cross-ways upon her knee. The key to the composition is the crucifix hanging over the Holy-Water Stoup. No more natural or truthful "Mother and Child" was ever painted by human hand.

In 1860 *L'Homme à la Houe* was finished. It astonished everybody by its intense agony. Never has the prolonged suffering of hope deferred been so forcibly depicted. "It seems," so the critics said, "to breathe a spirit of revolt, by creating a misplaced pity for the hard lot of the peasantry." Millet was dubbed "socialist," and "an abettor of socialism."

The Poet-Painter met the storm, which raged over this picture, in his own characteristic way,—with profound equanimity.

"A man," he said, "leaning on his hoe, or on his spade, is more typical of work than a man in the act of digging or hoeing. He shows that he has worked, and is tired,—that he is resting, and will work again."

Anyhow, the commotion made Millet famous, and many commissions were given him. M. Feydeau, the architect, who was about to build a new house for M. T. de Colmar, ordered four panels,—*Les Quatre Saisons*,—for which he offered 25,000 francs.

Millet was wild with joy, but distraught with anxiety, lest anything should arise to upset the bargain. He went about saying, "Don't let us sell the bear's skin yet!—don't let us sell the bear's skin yet!" But a few days after he wrote to M. Sensier, "The bear has been killed!"

The poor Peasant-Poet-Painter's days of want and misery were over at last. He devoted himself now to the advancement of his children's education. His eldest son, François, just eighteen, gave evidence of artistic tastes like his father's. This was a great joy to his parents.

The Salon of 1864 was a grand success for the Barbizon Master. *La Bergère* was the rage of the year. Nothing quite so graceful as this peasant-maid, leaning on her staff, and knitting, had come from his brush. M. Gavet gave a

commission for fifty such compositions, offering 300 francs to 500 francs apiece. Many letters passed, some in a high key, and some in a minor key ; in one of them Millet speaks of, "a certain sadness which holds him in thrall, as the work reveals depths of human sorrow, and heights of human toil." It was "Le Cri de la Terre!"

The following year was marked by trouble. Millet hurried to his sister Émilie's deathbed at Gruchy, and, on his return, found his dear wife very ill. They were ordered off to Vichy, where, happily, the invalid soon recovered.

Millet found himself in a new and beautiful country. Pencil and brush were hard at work. One of his most lovely pictures is *La Chevrière d'Auvergne*. In Auvergne Millet saw his first mountain, and he was astonished. "My head," he writes, "is full of new and delightful impressions, but they all dance pell-mell in my brain."

At the Exposition Universelle des Beaux Arts, in 1867, nine of the Master's pictures were hung,—*L'Angélus du Soir*, *Les Glaneuses*, *La Bergère avec son Troupeau*, *La Grande Tondeuse*, *Le Parc à Moutons*—*Clair de Lune*, *La Mort et le Bûcheron*, *Les Planteurs de Pommes de Terre*, *La Récolte des Pommes de Terre*, and *Un Berger!* The whole art-world of Paris was profoundly moved. Here was Jean François Millet, at last, head and shoulders over everybody else ! He was awarded a Medal of the First Class.

Whilst Millet was thus reaching the zenith of his fame, his dear friend Rousseau,—with whom he had laboured in shade and shine,—was nearing his end. Slowly and painfully his life ebbed away, until the early summer, when Millet was one of those who laid him sorrowfully to rest in the little graveyard at Chailly.

In the midst of his grief, however, he was called back to Paris to receive the decoration of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and to be feasted by all and sundry. Being quite unaccustomed to such scenes of revelry, he was naturally much embarrassed. "I looked," he said laughingly, "to see what the others were doing!" The excitement was almost too much for the silent painter, and he was very thankful to accept M. Hartmann's invitation, to spend a few days at his country house in Alsace.

Millet's return home was by way of Basel, Zürich, Lucerne, and Berne. The scenery,—especially the great snow mountains,—amazed and enchanted him. Very many delicious "bits" found their way into his sketch-book; but he wrote, "the mighty Alps are beyond my power to paint. It would be a sacrilege to intrude so far into the glorious Fane of Heaven."

He received a rousing welcome home--the whole hamlet was *en fête*. He returned to the arms of his family, and positively refused to be "drawn." The only public demonstration

he made was to attend, with his wife and his children, a sung Mass at Chailly on the following Sunday.

Still honours were showered upon Millet. At the election for the Jury of the Salon in 1869, his name came out sixth on the List.

The years 1870 and 1871 were years of disaster for France and her children. The terrible Franco-German War laid the land waste. At the approach of the Uhlans the artist community of Barbizon scattered far and wide. Millet fled with his family to Normandy. He felt greatly the defeat of his country ; and wrote, "I am quite overcome with melancholy and grief."

On his return to Barbizon, November 7, 1871, it was evident that his health was failing. His devotion to his Art lost none of its force. Two very striking pictures were finished during the winter,—*Les Premiers Pas*,—a homely subject, parents teaching their little one to walk ; and,—*Le Vigneron en Repos*,—a weary vine-dresser seated on the ground, a composition full of intense feeling.

Early in the following year a commission was received at Barbizon from M. de Chennevières, Director of the Beaux Arts, for the decoration of one of the chapels in the Pantheon. Full of delight and revived energy, Millet hurried off to Paris, and entered heart and soul into the scheme. He was asked to paint eight subjects, for which he was allowed a credit of 50,000 francs. He set to work at once upon

*Le Miracle des Ardents* and *La Procession de la Chasse de Ste. Genéviève*.

Very characteristically the Peasant-Painter, finding himself once more *en garçon*, reverted to some of his old student habits. He frequented the Duval Restaurants, where he could cut his bread with a knife like a peasant !

There were considerable difficulties in the work at the Pantheon. Millet complained of the dimness and unevenness of the light in his chapel, and of the structural obstacles in the way of good effect.

"I wish," he said, "to paint my pictures so that everyone shall read their story right off, without book or guide to tell them."

In the autumn of 1874 the Master suffered much from fever and debility, and he complained also of heart trouble. Fits of lethargy attacked him, which distressed him greatly. "I was conscious," he said, "of the loss of will-power, and I found myself digging my thumb into the dry paint upon my palette, rather than exert myself to get some fresh colours off the table."

"It is such a pity," he added, "I should so much have liked to go on working a little longer."

Always a devout Catholic, the Master gave way to no impatience. As his heart became weaker, and his splendid physical strength yielded to the attacks of sickness, so much the more closely did he address himself to the consolations of Religion. The strict, upright, and

pious life he had led he imposed upon his children; there was no more devout and worthy a home the country round than his.

The end came very suddenly, and the noble Peasant-Poet-Painter breathed his last, surrounded by his family, and fortified by the Sacred Rites of the Church, on January 20, 1875.

His simplicity and modesty he maintained to the very last. He directed that he should be buried as a farmer, that no printed announcements should be circulated, but that a neighbour should be asked to go from house to house, according to the usual custom, telling people of his death, and bidding them to his funeral.

Jean François Millet's burial was a very simple and a very touching function. The day opened wild and stormy, flashes of vivid sunshine were mingled with blinding showers of rain and hail; and later on, a dense fog covered the land—an epitome of all those atmospheric effects he had loved so well.

The spectacle of his bereaved widow and nine fatherless children walking sadly behind the bier, borne by relays of peasants, greatly affected the plain village folk. Many exclamations were heard, "M. Millet was a man indeed!" and "Such a good man!"—a title he had borne for many years,—which voiced the sympathy and regret of all Barbizon.

In the *cortège* followed Lavielle, Lanie,



Durant-Rue/*photo.*]

THE VILLAGE OF CHAILLY.  
(Le Village de Chailly.)



## LIFE AT BARBIZON, AND DEATH 29

Roybet de Penne, Robert Tillot, Cheret, Gassies, Mason, and the whole Artist Society, together with almost the entire population of the district.

And they laid Millet by the side of Rousseau, in Chailly Churchyard.

## THE ART OF MILLET

Jean François Millet began his art career at the moment when the Romantic Movement was in the full tide of its prosperity.

Its painters were Géricault, Ingres, Corot, Delacroix, Delaroche, Ary Scheffer, Decamps, and Bonington. Among its sculptors were Rude and Barye; literature, music, and drama were led by Châteaubriand, Hugo, Saint-Beuve, Balzac, Berlioz, Dumas, Lemaître, Frédérick, Bocage, Lamartine, Béranger, Thierry, and Gavarni.

They had very little effect upon the young student from Normandy, although, for lack of anybody more to his taste, he attached himself to Delaroche.

He had not the slightest sympathy with the School of David, but he was drawn to Géricault, who had been the first to throw over David and all his works, and who may be looked upon as the real founder of Romanticism. His style was bold, firm, and accentuated. He was able, so to speak, to carve the human figure. He painted Nature at her best, and revived good common-sense, human and robust.

Jouvenet, who has something in common

with Géricault, also attracted the young Peasant-Painter; and Lesueur appealed to him by "his homely care,"—he called him "one of the greatest souls in French Art."

Of the French School the Poussins affected him most; Nicolas, with "his beautiful simplicity, his vigorous figures, and his exquisite landscapes." "I could pass," he writes, "my whole life face to face with him," and Gaspar (Doughtet), with "his pathetic gloom and sweet melancholy."

Of Watteau he writes, "His palette charms me, and his refinement of expression; but the pathos of his laughing faces both delights and saddens me."

Claude appealed to him also in his landscape and chiaroscuro.

Millet did not care at all for the battle of the styles, he took no interest in it; and the classical vogue of nude mythology engrossed him only for a very few years.

The real artistic inspiration of the young Norman student must be sought much further back.

At Cherbourg, under his first masters,—Dumouchel and Langlois de Chevreville, the Gruchy peasant lad saw his first Picture-Gallery. He was chiefly attracted by the pictures of Philippe de Champagne, Carl Van Loo, Van der Mol, Breughels, and Jacob Jordaens.

From the moment he entered the studio of Delaroche in Paris, Millet gave himself up with

unbounded enthusiasm to the study of the great Masterpieces in the Public Galleries.

The "Old Masters",—whose figures say nothing but are overwhelmed with life, and suffer patiently without complaint, bearing the oppression of human laws with no idea of seeking their rights,—exercised an immense creative power in the young artist. Some of them spoke to him by their expressions of sweetness, holiness, and fervour.

Of the pre-Raphaelites; Mantegna, Filippo Lippi, and Fra Angelico fascinated him, the latter, "in his portraying the simple earnestness of duty," as he puts it. Of the great Italian Masters, Correggio, Giorgione, and Titian moved him most profoundly; their flesh tints were wonderful revelations. The Correggio cartoons, in the Louvre, astonished and delighted him; and very early he became the possessor of copies of his frescoes at Padua. Giorgione seemed to put him in touch with the Greek antiques, "so pure is his style," he writes, "he opens the country to me." Titian was his greatest Italian Master, "his pictures are made to worship; they are of the highest type," he says, "I know nothing more convincing and beautiful." Michael Angelo astonished him beyond expression; he searched into his inmost soul with, "his forceful vigour and significant gestures." "When I saw," he writes, "the expression of the slackened muscles, the flat surfaces of his figures, all convulsed with physical strain and pain, I felt distracted by

him." At Velazquez Millet gazed in wonder, "not being able," as he says, "to penetrate into his methods." Ribéra's Centaurs and St. Bartholomews delighted him. His eyes were fixed upon the canvases of this renowned master, "whose luminous figures," he writes, "detach themselves from sombre backgrounds." He greatly admired Murillo's portraits, but not his *Holy Families*. Rubens's superb colours and his living "Carnations" excited Millet's whole-hearted admiration. Jacob Ruysdael affected him by his solemnity.

The influence of Rembrandt is manifest only in Millet's later work; his "mystery of darkness" appealed strongly to him. "I came to know him," he says, "only in later years. He did not repel me, he blinded me. I thought I should be obliged to recite 'The Stations of the Cross' before entering into his great genius."

Referring to his impressions of the works of these famous Masters, he wrote that he never tried to make copies of them as he would have lost their spontaneity and warmth.

Here, in brief, we find the inspiration of the Art of Millet blending with natural impressions, which came to him through the accidents of birth and early environment. The country he dwelt in, and the country people he met every day, enforced their individualities upon the lad's mind. His big rough hands with vigour mechanically directed the plough, but almost automatically they gently grasped the pencil,

the chalk, and the brush of the artist. Nature, as first viewed by the boy, was savage by the wild sea, but smiling in the cultivated field. The figures and their occupations to which his eyes first became accustomed were stalwart and laborious.

He was in every sense a child of Nature—he was a son of the soil. The cultivation of the land, and its products, became his second nature; he knew them all by heart. The sanctity of home, the sacredness of the Mass, and the blessedness of toil were his magnets.

At Cherbourg the young student was launched upon his own resources. Town life modulated his first impressions, and gave elasticity and scope to his inspiration. His study of, and his drawings from, conventional subjects were not without significance in their witness to the ultimate quality of his work.

The hardships of Millet's Paris life,—borne in a spirit of splendid manliness and self-discipline,—deepened greatly the earnestness of his character. What had marked his memory, with vivid pictures of the hard lot of the Norman peasantry, made its impress also upon his own experience of life. It was all work, work, work, with little time for rest.

The one great object he placed before him was truth. In spite of, and in defiance of, the popular and conventional painting of the day, Millet followed his own bent and went his own way.

At Barbizon he built his Shrine. Nature was

his Goddess, and Labour was the ritual of Her worship. He painted Nature as he found her. In honour of her cult he became the great Peasant-Poet-Painter of the century, mixing his colours, so to speak, with the poems of Burns, of Wordsworth, and of Longfellow.

His movement was always along a single line, in exact time with each appropriate and sympathetic note. He is entirely innocent of grandiloquence and pose. The scene, its occupants, their employments, the environments of sky, sea, and land,—each harmoniously arranged,—such are the hostages of his palette. Nature, in all her moods, won his ardent love and keen sympathy. One of his aphorisms was, “If a man finds any place or effect in Nature not beautiful, the lack is in his own heart.”

In 1848 Millet found his true *métier*. *Le Vanneur* is an epic poem, painted in natural colours. The winnower may be the artist-singer himself; and the chaff, which he blows, and shakes out of his bass, the conventional hypocrisies of life.

“Millet,” writes M. P. Mantz, “is the first painter of rustic life, who breaks with the vulgarities of a meagre realism, and, dignifying alone the sentiment and the form, has shown that the rude labours of the field have also their poetry and their heroism.”

The Peasant in the Art of Millet is the key of all that follows. He aimed at showing the peasants as the Lords of Nature, in their

hard toil, in their impressive gestures, and in their conquest of the soil they till. Their feet take hold of the ground, and their bodies bear its colour and its scent; whilst their shadows are projected upon its surface. Tenacious, courageous, and economical, they exhibit the beauty of strength, patience, and resignation in a superlative degree.

Millet preferred, he said, "to paint middle-aged men and women, for they show the effect of toil. Their crooked limbs and bent backs speak of their years of toil."

Millet's peasants are not like Greuze's,—a dilettante folk,—they are workers; and his instinct has made them and their labours pregnant with interest. Commonplace they never are, and their sad dignity contrasts strikingly with the sordidness and misery of peasantry such as Zola's.

If they are poor, they are at the same time noble. Their clothes are without folds and pleats, but their sober gestures, and majestic attitudes, have the grandeur of the antique. If the Master has made them dirty with work and sweat, their features are always good, and their figures are always well developed.

A picture-dealer once complained of the dirt of his peasants and their cattle. "See," said he, "they are straight from the show-yard."

"Well, what of that?" retorted Millet. "Where would you have them come from—from the drawing-room?"

Diaz also once twitted him by saying, "Your

women come from the cow-house ;" and added, " You paint the thorns, I the roses."

No,---Millet sought truth, that was all ; not dirt, not vulgarity, not prettiness.

Writing from Barbizon on May 30, 1863, Millet says, " There are some who say that I deny the charm of the country. I find there, on the contrary, very much more than mere charm, I find infinite splendour. I see clearly the feathery crowns of the dandelions, and the sunbeam which plays with them. Further away is the open country, with gloriously-hued clouds dancing over it. I see also the steaming plain, where horses are working. Then, in a stony plot, I behold a man, covered with mud, who has been toiling and gasping since early morning, and who is resting a moment to take breath. The whole drama is enveloped in splendour. This is no imagination on my part. It is indeed a very long time since this ' Cri de la Terre ' was first uttered. I have never had, during the whole of my life, anything else but the fields in my mind. I should weary you, and myself also, if I were to tell you all that I have seen, and heard, and felt."

Certainly this is a personal revelation of the character and the purpose of the man—the peasant, the poet, and the painter—which none could better.

To Millet the man of the soil represented the whole human family, and the peasant gave him the clearest type of our toil and our suffering. He used to say, " I paint what I feel rather

than what I see." Hence the harshness of his "Cri de la Terre." He has caught its expression exactly. His peasants have the pursed-up lips, which betoken stress of mind and strain of muscle. They are ever trying nobly for juster things, and are bearing the present trials with equanimity. They are ever frustrated and thrown back upon themselves, to recommence again, with ceaseless monotony, the task before them. And such is human life with many!

The Art of Millet has in it elevation of sentiment, which inspires the soul to make a truthful study of life—life in earnest—life as it is. Millet is the one painter who has reached finality in his Apotheosis of the Peasant. Nothing can equal, much less excel, him.

When we cast a *coup d'œil* over the whole Work of Millet, we are struck with the vigour of will which carried him along his way. A certain number of magnificent figures dominate the scene. They form a kind of Peasant Walhalla, wherein they are enshrined, with the halo of poetry. *Le Vanneur* and *Le Semeur* are partnered by *La Tondeuse*,—she who cuts away what hampers and enfeebles,—and *La Bergère*,—she who feeds, and guides to pastures new. At the entrance is *L'Homme à la Houe*, who threatens the idle and the intruder!

That there was a distinct and profound method in the Master's Work goes without saying. He gives us just one full day of human life,—from misty dawn to dewy eve,—in Nature's Shrine. In the early morning he shows



THE ANGELUS.  
(A. Angstrom.)



us man and woman "going forth unto their labour until the evening." *Le Départ pour le Travail* tells its own tale,—a young couple, their life all before them, are stepping out briskly in the fresh morning air.

*Le Semeur*, *Les Bêcheurs*, *Les Glaneuses* are toiling in the heat of the day. They bend their backs, they stiffen their muscles, they sweat; but they are Sovereigns of the soil.

*L'Angélus du Soir* marks the passing of the afternoon. A little pause for breath, a brief prayer, and a chastened memory of One, who once laboured as hard as any man.

*La Maternité*, *La Jeune Femme à la Lampe*, *La Femme remplissant ses Seaux*, reveal the passive side of human life,—the nourishing and the ruling of the home.

*Le Vigneron en Repos*, *La Femme au Rouet*, and *La Carduse* show us the evening of life, where the shadows are lengthening. The older man is tired, and is resting; and the aged mother is sitting at her quiet house-task.

*La Mort et le Bûcheron* is the last scene which ends the Tragedy of Work. It breathes the sad poetry which had whispered to Millet all through his life.

Throughout the whole Work of Millet there is not a trace of merry-making, or of gentle wooing—no fun, no frolic, no galantries. When he gives us a young girl,—like his *Bergères*,—with a grace touching and naïve, she is demure and alone; and her bosom is crossed with a modest cotton kerchief. His older women have

few physical charms; their heads are wrapped, something like the heads of nuns, in tight kerchiefs, and their figures are awkward and unattractive. His men and lads are talking only with their likes. They seem spiritless and un-sportive. His children are not playing games, they are restrained and obedient; and are lending their childish vigour to the battle of life. If the two sexes are engaged in the same occupation, they are silent,—their lips are dumb; their glances never meet,—their eyes are not those of lovers. They work, they rest, they recline in the same furrow, and beneath the shade of the same hayrick, or tree, quite unconcerned about each other. Animal-like and soulless as they seem to be, they are as much removed from the mere animal, and the sensual, as it is possible to conceive.

Millet never painted an immodest picture. His "baigneuses," "nymphes," "idylles," and his "nudes," have no suggestiveness beyond what a child may appreciate and love. Probably the exhortation of his grandmother was ever present in his mind, "François, remember you are a Christian, and never paint an indecent picture."

A critic once said to Millet, "You must sometimes see good-looking peasants and pretty country girls."

"Yes," he replied, "but beauty does not lie in the face; it lies in the harmony between man and his toil. Beauty is expression. When I paint a mother, I try to render her beautiful, by the tender look she gives her child."

It was Jules Breton, not Millet, of whom it was said, "He paints the girls who are too pretty to stay in the village."

Nevertheless, *La Rôle de la Femme* is most distinct in the Master's work. Man's labour has its fixed bounds, woman's work is never done. "She is," says M. Roger Milès, "the healthful dairy which nourishes, and the rich sieve whence come the potatoes."

And how Millet's Work revealed his Art must now be told.

"I wish," he said to M. Thoré, "that the beings I represent should have the air of dedication to their positions, and that they should not suggest any other. I wish the air I paint to blow softly, and the water I paint to look like crystal."

The methods whereby Millet achieved his object were as follows:—(1) Careful Study, (2) Simple Composition, (3) Exact Drawing, (4) Emphatic Colour, (5) Vigorous Touch, (6) Silhouette Illumination, and (7) Rapidity of Execution.

#### STUDY

"The artist's first step," Millet used to say, "is to find an arrangement, which will give a full and striking expression of his idea." He, himself, gave very much thought to his subject. He regarded it from every possible point of view; and did not hit upon its typical value, until he had thoroughly exhausted all its

possibilities. He made no copies, but from recollection he drew roughly his impressions. He worked up his idea, slowly and gradually, until he had produced what most forcibly appealed to him.

*Le Semeur* is an eminent example of this patient study. It was the painter's first Barbizon peasant impression; and it came to him, as he stood day after day at the door of his studio. He watched the man tramp heavily to and fro, scattering, with dominating waves of his arm, the golden seed upon the captive ground.

Monotony, seriousness, resignation, pathos, and tranquil harmonies, are depicted in his "composition" with absolute fidelity.

No painter's study of reality was ever more searching or profound; indeed, very few artists have created records so pregnant with significance.

#### COMPOSITION

Millet's idea was that, "each earthly career has its dominating figure and character." Hence his composition is marked by great simplicity; one figure,—or, at the most three or four,—engages his attention. There is no confusion, each picture is an organic whole.

He used to make an *avant-plan* or accurate sketch on the canvas rather than a rough sketch, and actually did two pictures at the same time. The traits of the *avant-plan* often peep through his finished work. This contributed greatly to depth and reality of result.

Millet rarely used a model, and he rarely painted a pose. "Nature," he said, "never poses." He required sitters only that he might correct details of form and clothing.

He carefully elaborated what his first idea had given him; "everything," as he said, "seen and unseen, the most important of all, planes and surfaces."

His ruling principle was "one thing at a time." Consequently, when he was painting *Ruth et Boaz*, and a friend ran in to see it with the exclamation, "Why, man, she's just lovely!" Millet snapped out "What?" in reply, and, with a savage dash of his brush, spoiled her mouth!

It has been truly said of Millet's composition, "It touches the scenes of his Epic with a dignity, a solemn passion, and a sense of eternal issues, which lift him to the rank of Michael Angelo and Beethoven."

#### DRAWING

Millet's drawing, whether pencil, crayon, pastel, or chalk, is marked by great originality and power. His method was first to mark the boundaries of his study by parallel lines, and to outline the greater spaces, which he proposed to fill in with figures, trees, and houses. Next, he fixed the values of each object by long strokes, thicker in the centre and lighter at the edges. Thirdly, he ran a thin, and almost imperceptible, chainwork of interlacing

lines, like basket-work, across and up and down his sketch. This "texture," so to speak, is remarkable in his clouds, rain, snow, and mist, and in his night effects. By it, too, he obtained the rising dust, and steam of moving cattle and sheep.

Each footmark of every beast is distinct, and so are the blades of grass, and the sweet herbs and flowers, which they graze upon, as they roam along. These points are clearly seen in the numerous variations of *Le Berger* and *La Bergère*.

Figures, too, are drawn in the boldest manner. Certainly Millet was assisted in his rendering of the features by the fact that the Barbizon peasants had, as a rule, striking physiognomies. Their faces in Millet's work are evidently portraits.

Under the influence of his philosophy his pencil became a roughing-chisel and a smoothing-tool combined. *Le Vigneron en Repos* is like a wild animal, fixed to the ground. *Les Bêcheurs*, and other drawings of like importance, are in heavy outline, done with a large reed pen.

Millet's drawings are complete works of art in themselves. His pastels are astonishing in their delicacy of technique. In a word, Millet's drawing excels his painting in every respect.

Decamps once said, rather banteringly, to Millet, "You are a lucky fellow: you can do what you want with your crayon."

## COLOUR

Millet is superb as a colourist—perhaps too lavish at times. His effects, for example, of sunshine after rain, and of mist rolling away, are quite extraordinary in their realism.

In his landscapes, which in his later period occupied much more of his attention than in his earlier work, he "wished to give," he said, "the feeling that the beholder was gazing at an actual bit of Nature." Plain and hill he modelled as a master. Trees he did grandly, twisted and gnarled roots and stems he revelled in. His branches and his leaves rustle in the breeze—*l'arbre respire!*

His sea, in his marine compositions, is deep and salty,—his rivers and his ponds are running and clear,—his rain wets the ground as it falls.

Figures, and beasts, and birds are true to flesh, and hide, and feather.

Millet's favourite colours were burnt sienna, raw sienna, maple yellow, yellow ochre, and dark blue. He used rose madder to produce rich shadows. His "Carnations" have dark, ruddy tints, like umber, after the manner of Michael Angelo.

He followed Rubens, who rubbed in, first of all, deep, rich, transparent tints for shadows; and painted in the white whilst the colours were still wet. In the great Flemish Master's pictures, the portions that are turned away from the light are never charged with pigment.

There is a trace of this in Millet's colourization.

Velazquez also was one of Millet's colour-masters. He was always satisfied with simple equipment. Ochres and red and brown earths are the foundations of his palette; he hardly ever used lake like the Venetians.

There are traces in Millet's colour-scheme of the influence of Titian and Correggio. The former elaborated his painting with successive coatings. Correggio's manner was to put in cool shades first, then to modify and warm them up in monochrome, and to finish off with a delicate but glittering glaze. Both these great masters taught Millet the different "feel" of skin and stuff.

Linseed-oil was his ordinary mixing medium, but at times, also, he used bitumen. *L'Angelus* is an example of the latter, and, most unfortunately, it already shows signs of perishing. On the other hand, *Les Glaneuses* is made up of unperishable constituents, and its impasto was worked up into an opaque and solid mass. This masterpiece, and others in the same category, will last; the cake has taken hold of the canvas, and become one material.

#### TOUCH

Millet's touch had a suppleness and a magic which are quite unique. Whilst everything appears dark, heavy, and solemn at first sight,

a closer inspection reveals a perfect wealth of intricate and delicate workmanship. The perfect anatomy of his figures can be seen,—as in the work of Velazquez,—right through their shabby and soiled thick garments. Not only so, but the stretching, and relaxing of the muscles, at work or at rest, are exactly differentiated.

In *La Tondeuse de Moutons* the pressure of the woman's hand upon the shears is as distinct as that upon her lips. In *Les Tueurs de Cochons* the backward thrust of the animal is as evident as is the "pull" in the arms of the men.

Again, rapid action is exactly noted. In *La Récolte des Sarrasins* we see, not only the flying of the flails, and the flickering of the corn-husks, but the "clan" and the "crunch" are almost distinguishable.

Upon the leaves of Millet's trees,—each species of which is exactly painted,—are glistening drops of rain and dew. Each cross-light falls just where it should, and darkens or illuminates expression, gesture, and repose in an inimitable manner.

Millet's pictures have something of the plastic about them; indeed, some of them seem as though they had been cut out of pumice-stone—*Œdipe détaché de l'Arbre*, for example. He never stinted his canvases; his palette and his brush were always generously laden with paint.

Speaking of this lavishness, M. de Geffroy

says, "Millet's pictures are like geographical maps in relief, so thick is the *pastiche*."

Big hands were Millet's, but they were finely articulated. His "points" and his "lines" are as fine as those of Watteau.

#### ILLUMINATION

Millet made great use of silhouette. His light comes from behind or above his figures. He worked from dark to light, just the reverse of the method of the painters of the School of Watteau. There is no reflection from the figures themselves, nor are there any effects like those thrown by footlights. He was fond of looking at his "sitters" in his studio at Barbizon through their reflections in the big mirror, which hung there for the purpose. An inkling of this characteristic is shown in his mirror portrait of M. Feuardent's little girl at Cherbourg. By this means Millet added immensely to the picturesqueness of his compositions.

In the open, Millet's figures are subdued in their illumination; the brilliant gold or silver outlining thread, which appears to give them their glint, is in pronounced contrast to the sombreness of their bulk.

His interior effects of the reflections of lamp or candle, or the glowing of a passing sunbeam through an open door, are convincing in their brilliancy, as in *La Jeune Femme à la Lampe*.

The depth of shadow in moonlight effects is

remarkable. He used to say, "I love the night. Have you ever noticed how things are modified in the mystery which succeeds the daylight? One imagines one can see much of what lies in the words, 'The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.'" His *Un Parc à Moutons—Clair de Lune* is a striking example.

Winter and autumn effects Millet rendered grandly. *L'Orage du Plaine*, *L'Hiver*, *Bûcherons dans la Forêt*, and many more similar canvases, show exact phrasing of time and atmospheric movement.

Not infrequently it is quite easy to tell the actual hour of the day chosen by the Master. In *La Grande Bergère* the time is five o'clock, on a still October evening.

This characteristic, and,—if we may use the word in connection with Millet,—realistic treatment, became a conspicuous trait in much of the work of the School of Barbizon.

#### RAPIDITY OF EXECUTION

Few things were more striking about Millet's work than the speed with which it was accomplished. In his early Paris days,—when an empty stomach hastened a willing hand,—he could complete a drawing, or a pastel, or an oil-painting, with a little nude figure, for a dealer in a couple of hours. These sold readily for twenty francs apiece.

*Une Gardeuse de Vaches* was painted very thinly in transparent colours ; opaque lines are worked in only on the sky and ground. It was done in a day.

His *motif* Millet improvised on paper, or anything handy, with extraordinary rapidity. In a few moments he had traced the outlines of his "composition," and then the completion of the picture, or the *pastel*, was achieved with a vigour almost worthy of a Michael Angelo.

He laid his colours on in lumps and splashes, and super-imposed colour upon colour, whilst the oil was yet soft, and then he worked them all up as quickly as possible with a thick brush. In this he followed Rembrandt, who "worked savagely into his plastic mass with the handle of his brush!"

Not without reason has Millet been called "The French Rembrandt." Both men saw their models as no one else saw them, and each painted them in his own peculiar way. They both offered absolute novelty and freedom from convention, with entire simplicity and perfect truthfulness.

One of Rembrandt's aphorisms was: "We should submit to Nature alone, and not to any other rules."

This is exactly the teaching of the Painter of Barbizon.

"The great landscapists," writes M. C. Blanc, "are those who gaze upon Nature with emotion, and who have impressed upon her the stamp of their own personal character."

This is what Jean François Millet has done. It is quite as natural to speak about "Millet's peasants" as about "Raphael's Madonnas."

The School of Barbizon claims Millet, Rousseau, and Troyon as its founders. Among their followers were Dupré, C. Jacque, Diaz, J. Bieton, J. B. Millet and François Millet (the Master's brother and son), G. Courbet, P. E. Frère, G. Brion, P. Billet, L. L'hermitte, H. Nerolle, C. Manet, A. Roll, J. C. Cazin, B. Lepage, and G. Doré.

The influence of Millet has made itself markedly felt in the work of our British artists. Madox Brown, La Thangue, G. Clausen, and J. Smythe have all expanded the Cult of crude, truthful Nature.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

### CALLING THE CATTLE HOME—PAYSAN RAPPELANT SES VACHES

OF this picture we have scanty details, and when it was painted it is impossible to say. In 1873, when Mr. Wyatt Eaton paid his second visit to the Master, Millet showed it him. It was found in the studio after his death, its face turned to the wall. It was sold at the sale of Millet's pictures, in 1875, for 4,000 francs. A small oil-painting entitled, *Paysan soufflant dans sa Trompe, pour rappeler ses Vaches*, was sold at M. Sensier's sale in 1877 for 225 francs. The owners of these pictures are not known.

Several drawings of the subject were done in black chalk in 1856-1857. The date of the pastel, which is reproduced among our illustrations, and the name of its owner, are unknown.

The scene is quite characteristic of the Master. The gathering together of the cows, wearing their bells, is very natural; but the pose of the cowherd is stiff. The sunset effect is admirable; but this is one of the less important examples of the Master.



*Annan photo*

*[J. Donald, Esq., Glasgow.*

**GOING TO WORK.**  
(Le Départ pour le Travail.)



## GOING TO WORK—LE DÉPART POUR LE TRAVAIL

*Le Départ* tells its own tale. A young couple,—their life all before them,—are stepping out briskly in the fresh morning air, “going forth to their labour until the evening.”

The picture is in dark colours—perhaps the most sombre of all Millet’s compositions. The girl is garbed in browny-red, with a soiled apron. On her head she carries her potato-basket, her face is in deep shadow, and in her hand she has a rope. The lad, in a bluish blouse, and tight earth-brown trousers, and straw hat, walks by her side, bearing his fork and his hoe.

Its date is quite uncertain, and it was never sent to the Salon. It belongs to Mr. J. Donald, of Glasgow.

At the Victoria and Albert Museum, (Ionides Collection), is an etching,—among others—of *Le Départ*. It is full of motion, touched with a certain pleasant cheerfulness—a quality rare enough in Millet’s work. The girl bears the vessel of refreshment,—a greybeard, or stone runlet,—and reveals a beaming face; whilst the figure of the man is like that in the oil-painting, with much better drawn legs, and his blouse is phrased with folds. The landscape is also far more interesting.

## THE SOWER—LE SEMEUR

The first page in Millet's great Epic of Labour, at Barbizon was "the Sower." It was his first peasant impression there, and it came to him standing, as was his wont, at the door of his studio.

All day long the sower tramps heavily and wearily to and fro. His left hand holds up his apron, or his pouch full of grain. With his right hand he describes huge rhythmical waves in space, tossing the golden treasure,—by the rule of the old-lore charm,—cross-wise into the air.

Long ago at Gruchy, in his youth, Millet had sketched the figure of a peasant scattering grain in the furrows as he paced along. That little pen-and-ink study was the germ of all that followed.

The Normandy moorland of the earlier study, with its team of white oxen, gave place, in the later drawings, to the Plaine de la Bière, with the well-known ruined tower at Chailly and a clump of trees; and the plough is harnessed to Barbizon horses.

*Le Grand Semeur* Millet painted for the Salon of 1850. The Sower is a young man, rugged in aspect. He is clothed in an earthy-red blouse and bluish trousers, which are covered with stubby straws. His hat, covering his shaded face, is worn grey with exposure. He is *un jeune gars de Gréville*, of the type of Michael Angelo, absorbed in the

monotony of his task, and silhouetted on the free horizon of the rolling plain.

The critics were in two camps. Théophile Gautier, and his following, praised this *chef-d'œuvre* enthusiastically; whilst Louis de Géfroy, and those of his kidney, denounced it, and maintained that the flying grain was like "the cries of the down-trodden peasants appealing for justice to an obdurate Heaven."

After many vicissitudes this picture has found its way into the Vanderbilt Collection in New York, of which it is the chief ornament.

The second *Semeur* was the outcome of a black-chalk sketch done in 1851. The figure, *en silhouette*, against the rising ground, is that of a Barbizon lad. He is less stalwart, and his gestures are less majestic than in *Le Grand Semeur*. It belongs to Mr. A. Quincey Shaw, of Boston, U.S.A.

#### THE GLEANERS—LES GLANEUSES

This picture is a *chef-d'œuvre* of the first order. It was painted for the Salon of 1857, where it made a great sensation.

Millet, as usual, thought out his subject very carefully. Nine drawings in black chalk are in existence, every one dissimilar.

In the oil-painting we see three poor women,—one old and two young,—gleaning ears of wheat, left by the reapers. The old woman has a bowed figure, but finds it difficult to stoop low;

whilst her two companions are moving regularly along in true balance,—with one hand picking up the ears, and with the other holding the miniature sheaves. The colours of their garments are green, red, and drab. Their head-kerchiefs are soiled and crumpled with their toil. Their rough homespun skirts and their sabots are covered with dust and straws.

In the background, reapers are busy loading waggons, and women are bearing sheaves upon their heads. The farmer, mounted, is directing his labourers. Farm buildings and trees and cornstacks break the flat horizon.

The whole composition is convincing, the drawing faultless, and the finish admirable. The sky is bluey-grey, the atmosphere transparent, and a harmonious light fills the picture with the warm glow of an August sun.

The picture had, however, only a brief success. Edmond About, indeed, testified that the grandeur and serenity of the subject moved him as profoundly as did the religious pictures of old times. Saint Victor, and other critics, scoffed at "the gigantic and ugly women." Votaries of pleasure passed it by with a shudder, and men of sterner stuff felt its thrust.

Those three bowed-down backs spoke, only too eloquently, of misery, hunger, and resignation. The drudgery of cheerless toil was only too strikingly depicted in those heroic types of labour, fulfilling their weary task until "the night cometh when no man can work."

Little is known of the history of *Les Glaneuses*. It has quite lately been given to the Louvre by Madame Pommery, who paid 300,000 francs for it.

A variant oil-painting,—upright,—also exists, which was bought in 1860, by M. Binder, for 2,000 francs; and found purchasers in 1875, for 12,000 francs, and in 1886 for 24,000 francs.

#### THE ANGELUS—L'ANGÉLUS DU SOIR

"This is the most beautiful picture of the modern French school!" Many authorities agree in this high appreciation. It was the most touching product of the painter's brush, in his most brilliant period,—1855-1859.

Always profoundly penetrated by religious sentiment from his childhood, Millet has expressed the Evening Prayer with a fervour and a poetry at once grand and naïve. Very long he studied his subject. He chose for his scene the north extremity of the Plaine de Barbizon, where the church tower of Chailly, and the trees of La Grande Route, fill the horizon.

The very simplicity of the composition adds immeasurably to its force. Several drawings in black chalk, and many sketches, are in existence, which show the gradual evolution of the "idea."

For foreground the Master has given us a potato-field, the harvesting of which is the business of the young peasant couple.

The young man and young woman are living figures, truthful in form and dress. They are serious and they are silent. They have just ceased from their toil. His fork is dug into the ground, and her full basket is disengaged from her arm.

The man is uncovered. He holds his peasant's hat to his breast, and he expresses, by the inclination of his head, a touching sentiment of devotion. The girl, with clasped hands, bows herself still more lowly. Her lips seem to be moving, as she whispers her prayer. In spite of their untidiness, the two peasants have all the earnestness of the gentlefolk of Raphael, kneeling before the altar at Bolsena.

The colours employed are brown, grey, and yellow, with an unusual amount of dull blue in the man's trousers and the girl's gown. His hat is black felt, and he also wears a small black skull-cap. Whilst his breast is open, her bosom, and her head, are modestly covered *à la béguine*.

The time of day is towards evening ; the sun is still above the horizon. A golden mellow light casts dancing sun-rays upon the two figures. The country breathes the calm which marks the first stage of closing day.

Never was the Divinity of Labour more touchingly proclaimed.

"I wish," said Millet,—when he had nearly finished the picture,—"that they should hear the bells peal, and this is the secret of the pose."

The history of *L'Angélus du Soir* reads like a romance. It was sent with *La Bergère*, *Femme faisant paître sa Vache* and *La Mort et le Bûcheron* to the Salon of 1859, and, with *La Bergère*, was accepted.

Millet sold it first to an "American" for 1,500 francs, who never paid for and never claimed the picture. Next M. Papelau bought it for 1,000 francs, and sold it to Mr. Arthur Stevens, who in turn, disposed of it to M. Van Praet. In 1864 the latter exchanged it with M. Paul Tesse for *La Bergère*,—which Millet had sold him in 1861 for 2,500 francs,—and M. Gavet became its owner for 4,000 francs. M. Durand-Ruel purchased it for 12,000 francs, and,—at the sale of his pictures,—M. J. Wilson gave 38,000 francs. In 1881, at the Wilson sale, M. Georges Petit gave the large sum of 160,000 francs. At the Sécrétan sale, in 1887, M. Antoine Proust bought *L'Angélus* for the Louvre at the high figure of 553,000 francs. Difficulties arose about the payment, and Mr. Sutton secured the Masterpiece, for the American Art Association of New York, for the same price. In 1890 M. Garnier regained the picture for France, and sold it to M. Chauchard,—the present owner,—for the immense sum of 800,000 francs!

In the Louvre is a pastel of *L'Angélus*, also by Millet. Mr. A. Stevens bought it for 4,000 francs, and M. Hollender gave 100,000 francs for it. Our illustration is photographed from this version.

## WOMAN SPINNING—LA FEMME AU ROUET

The idea of this picture seems to have been formed at Gruchy, as a sketch exists in the Collection of M. Firon which shows Millet's sister Emilie seated, much as is the figure in *La Femme au Rouet*. Her dress, and the appointments of the room are Norman.

In the picture we have a Barbizon peasant-woman. Her head is wrapped in the accustomed kerchief. Her corsage is faded red, and her apron, flecked with fugitive shadows, is soiled white. The distaff, which she holds in her hands, and the spinning-wheel, upon the treadle of which rests her foot, are exactly drawn. The room is a peasant's kitchen in neutral colours. The big *armoire*, or cupboard, with its door ajar, showing vessels of all kinds in cleanly order, is a characteristic feature of all humble French dwellings. The woman's air is calm, serious, and subdued. The composition is careful and tender. M. Thoré considers that, "it has a good deal of the Dutch school about it,—pointing to the period when Rembrandt's influence was making itself felt. The transparency of the light within the room, and the silence of the warm colours, with the simple and animated touch, remind one much of Terburg."

The date of this picture is quite uncertain, nor does it appear to have been exhibited at the Salon.



*Durant-Ruel photo.*

*M. Coquelin Fainé, Paris.*  
**WOMAN SPINNING.**

*(Femme au Rouet.)*



It belongs now to M. Coquelin l'ainé, of Paris, and was acquired at the Morgan sale in New York for 70,000 francs.

DEATH AND THE WOODMAN—LA MORT ET LE  
BÛCHERON

Upon the verge of a verdant wood, in a deep lane, an old peasant has fallen down, crushed with weariness, panting and exhausted. He can bear his heavy bundle of firewood no further. His back is bent, his legs are doubled beneath him, and his hands have relaxed their hold. His head is projected forward in utter hopelessness. His face,—hollow and pained,—is wonderfully expressive; and his mouth is uttering a lamentable moan.

Death,—in a white shroud,—holds the symbolical hour-glass and the reaping-scythe; and extends a bony arm and hand to grasp the poor old man's throat. The figure of the Remorseless One is wisely veiled to hide all ugliness, and his face is turned away to preserve the mystery of the Great Unknown.

Smoke is issuing from the chimney of the cottage, and in its direction the dying man is striving to turn his eyes.

The time of day is late afternoon, and the westerling sun casts a lurid light upon the figure of Death.

Apart from this vivid illumination, the colour-scheme is subdued,—ashy-grey, and dull brown, and black. The foliage is autumnal.

This masterpiece was rejected by the Jury of the 1859 Salon merely because it was "a painful subject"! In 1857-1858 Millet did three drawings of it. The first he sold to M. C. Tillot for 2,000 francs.

No purchasers were forthcoming for the picture, although it contains,—along with *L'Angélus* and *La Maternité*,—the highest elevation of sentiment in all Millet's Work.

In 1875 it realized 10,000 francs, and in 1878 M. Laurent-Richard bought it for 12,000 francs. It is now in the Carlsberg Glyptothek at Copenhagen.

#### CHURCH—LE VILLAGE DE CHAILLY

The church of Chailly has much interest for lovers of Millet, for does not the body of the deceased Master rest under its shadow, alongside that of his dear friend Rousseau?

On November 21, 1863, Millet wrote to M. Sensier, "Perhaps you do not know that they propose to desecrate this little cemetery and to turn it into a village green for dancing. . . . The trees have all been sold. . . . It is shameful!" He wrote also to the *Préfet*, but his efforts were all in vain. The remains of the "hoary fathers of the hamlet" were ruth-



*Trochilus phoenicurus.*

*Christina Gyllenbach, Copenhagen.*

WITH THE WOODMAN.  
(a Morrelle Fletcher.)



lessly dug up, and a new cemetery was made at the back of the old church.

This is a pastel, but its date is uncertain. A pastel entitled, *Le Village de Chailly*, exists, also undated. It was sold at M. Gavet's sale, in 1875, for 4,600 francs, but where it is now we are unable to say.



## LIST OF THE CHIEF WORKS OF JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

### GREAT BRITAIN

LE CHÂTEAU DE BRICQUEBEC (1854). H. M. the King.  
L'AMOUR VAINQUEUR (1840). Mr. G. S. Forbes, London.  
LE DÉPART POUR LE TRAVAIL. Mr. J. Donald, Glasgow.  
LA MATERNITÉ (1862). Mr. G. R. Burnett, London.  
UNE BERGÈRE TRICOTEUSE.  
UNE LAVANDIÈRE.  
CÉDRE DÉTACHÉ DE L'ARBRE (First Study). Mr. A. J. Young, Blackheath.  
LE BAIN.  
LA GARDEUSE D'OIES. Sir John Day  
UNE BERGÈRE.  
LES SCIEURS DE BOIS.  
FEMME REMPLISANT SES SEAUX.  
PAYSAGE—BORD DE LA MER. } Victoria and Albert  
 } Museum, London  
 } (Ionides Collection).

### FRANCE

PORTRAIT DE M. JAVAIS (1841). Cherbourg Musée.  
MOïSE (1845). Cherbourg Musée.  
L'OFFRANDE À PAN (1845). Montpellier Musée.  
LES BAGNÉUSES (1846). Louvre, Paris.  
LE VANNEUR (Salon, 1848). M. Chauchard, Paris.  
UN BERGER—CLAIR DE LUNE (Salon, 1853). M. Bellino, Paris.  
L'ÉGLISE DE GRÉVILLE (1854). Louvre, Paris.  
LES GLANEUSES (Salon, 1857). Louvre, Paris.  
LES TROIS GLANEUSES (upright). M. Blumenthal, Paris.  
FEMME FAISANT PAÎTRE SA VACHE (Salon, 1859). Bourg-en-Bresse Musée.

, L'ANGÉLUS DU SOIR (Salon, 1859). M. Chauchard, Paris.  
 LES TUEURS DE COCHONS (1867). M. Hecht, Paris.  
 L'HIVER--PAYSAGE (1867). M. Desfossés, Paris.  
 LE PRINTEMPS—ARC EN CIEL (1867). Louvre, Paris.  
 LA LESSIVEUSE (1868). M. Chauchard, Paris.  
 UNE MÈRE Marseilles Musée.  
 LA BECQUÉE. Lille Musée.  
 LA FEMME AU ROUET. M. Coquelin l'aîné, Paris.  
 LES LAVANDIÈRES M. Thorny-Thierry, Paris.  
 PARC À MOUTONS. M. Chauchard, Paris.  
 UNE FILEUSE D'AUVERGNE. M. Chauchard, Paris.  
 LE FIN DE LA JOURNÉE. M. Rouart, Paris.

## BELGIUM

ŒDIPE DÉTACHÉ DE L'ARBRE (Salon, 1847). M. E. Otlet, Brussels.  
 L'HOMME À LA HOUZE (Salon, 1863). M. Van den Eynde, Brussels.

## DENMARK

LA MORT ET LE BÛCHERON (Salon, 1859). Carlsberg Glyptothek, Copenhagen.

## UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

LA CUEILLEUSE DE HARICOTS-VERTS (1845). Mr. T. Eastman Chase, New York.  
 LE GRAND SEMEUR (Salon, 1850). Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, New York.  
 LE SEMEUR (1851). Mr. A. Q. Shaw, Boston.  
 LA GRANDE TONDEUSE DE MOUTONS (Salon, 1853). Mr. P. Brooks, Boston.  
 LES MOISSONNEURS (Salon, 1853). Mr. M. Brimmer, Boston.  
 FEMME QUI DONNE À MANGER AUX POULES (1853). Mr. F. G. Fell, Philadelphia.

LE BERGER RAMENANT SON TROUPEAU (1855). Mr. H. C. Gibson, Philadelphia.

PAYSAN GREFFANT UN ARBRE (Salon, 1855). Mr. W. Rockefeller, New York.

FEMME QUI PORTE SES SEAUX (1856). Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, New York.

LA RÉCOLTE DE POMMES DE TERRE (1858). Mr. J. W. Walters, Baltimore.

LA GRANDE BERGÈRE (Salon, 1859). Mr. W. Rockefeller, New York.

L'ATTENTE (Salon, 1861). Mr. C. J. Seney, New York.

LA BERGÈRE EN PARC (1863). Mr. J. W. Walters, Baltimore.

LES PLANTEURS DE POMMES DE TERRE (1863). Mr. A. Q. Shaw, Boston.

LA CARDEUSE (Salon, 1864). Mrs. P. Stevens, New York.

LE BOUT DU VILLAGE DE GRÉVILLE (1866). Mr. A. Q. Shaw, Boston.

LA LEÇON DE TRICOT (Salon, 1869). Mr. A. Leitner, Washington.

UNE BERGÈRE ASSISE. Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

LA PORTEUSE D'EAU. Mr. W. Rockefeller, New York.

UNE FILEUSE. Mr. J. F. Sutton, New York.

LES LAVANDIÈRES. Mr. J. C. Runkle, New York.

PARC À MOUTONS. Mr. H. C. Gibson, Philadelphia.

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